

1345
1/6
FORTUNE,

A

RHAPSODY.

INSCRIBED

To Mr. GARRICK.

— — — — — *Let the Fools*
Who follow Fortune, live upon her Smiles.

SOUTHERN.

By Mr. Gentleman

LONDON,

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MDCCLI.

THE Hint of this Poem, was taken from an ODE of
ROUSSEAU, beginning,

FORTUNE, *dont la main Couronne, &c.*



(5)

FORTUNE,

A

RHAPSODY.

ON the Wave of Fortune tost,
See the Man of Merit lost!

In the self-same Point of Time,

Infamy her Summit climb ;

Who with partial Favour crown'd ;

Meets Respect from all around :

For they who shine in Fortune's Glare,

Are all that's valiant, wise and fair.

FORTUNE, wherefore are we still,
Dupes to thy inconstant Will ;

Where-

Wherefore must we always pay
 Homage, to thy fickle Sway,
 While Virtue, of celestial Race,
 Pines neglected in Disgrace.
 And ev'ry Morning's Dawn proclaim,
 That Man's a Fool ! — Extensive Theme !

Point thy Darling ! and the Crowd
 Shall cringe, and, speak his Praise aloud.
 Thy Favours circling round conceal,
 What Poverty would soon reveal :
 Tho' Vice and Ills contaminate,
 Beneath thy Smiles, he's good and great.
 And Vice assumes the plunder'd Robe,
 Imposing thus on half the Globe.
 Few Patrons stoop to ease her Care,
 When needy Merit drops a Tear.
 DRYDEN and BUTLER Proofs remain,
 That Worth is, without Money, vain.

O Thou

O Thou, to whom these Lines are pen'd,
 GARRICK, to Merit still a Friend.
 The Muse, with Rapture, sees thee plac'd
 A Judge approv'd of Sense and Taste,
 With Penetration truly grac'd :
 And tho' the chiefest in the Art,
 Which polishes the human Heart ;
 Yet as the Solar Heat bestows,
 The Beauties with which Nature glows,
 So where, judiciously, you find
 The Seeds of Genius in the Mind ;
 You cherish while they blossom forth,
 Direct their Progress into Worth ;
 And with a soft parental Care,
 The tender Buds you fondly rear,
 Behold with Joy their Efforts please,
 By Fortune crown'd with happy Ease.
 In regulated States, like thine,
 Did Merit thus in Favour Shine :

The

The Court were then a fruitful Soil;
 But there no Gifts attend her Toil;
 There Vice erects her Gorgon Head,
 And strikes Desert and Virtue dead.

On high, behold a Statesman sit,
 Dispenser both of Wealth and Wit.
 In Politics a wond'rous Cook;
 Without the Help of Rule or Book;
 For all his Doctrine he can pickle,
 With Reasons, which at nothing stickle,
 Sometimes — a profitable Place,
 And offer'd with so good a Grace!
 Or else an empty Purse to — fill,
 Who can controul his Lordship's Will?
 Say? when he shakes the golden Prize,
 Who dares the hallow'd Gift despise?

His sycophantic Levy watch,
 His Looks, his very Words to catch:

And

And when he speaks with noisy Praise,
Swear him the CICEERO of their Days.

So have I seen a Hound attend
His Master's Dinner, near the End,
Cry, whine and whimper, wag his Tail,
Left he should miss th' expected Meal.

Anatomize this mighty Man,
His Fund of Merits nicely scan;
Merits, alas! he ne'er had one,
But yet he's Fortune's darling Son.

His Vices then examine well,
Oh! these indeed will largely tell!
Divest him of exterior Show,
Then we his real Worth shall know.

Ambition first, at large behold,
And an insatiate Thirst of Gold;
Diffimulation next appears,
Which, ev'ry Thought and Action steers:

B

Then

Then Pride erects her lofty Head,
 By Fortune's ill-plac'd Bounty fed,
 Which with an Eye of stern Command,
 Frowns Oppression o'er the Land:
 Fierce Cruelty on her attends,
 In ev'ry Point the strictest Friends,
 These are the Attributes we find,
 Which form the busy Statesman's Mind,
 Grown putrid on the Throne of Power,
 Fresh Vices spring up ev'ry Hour;
 As in dead Corsets Serpents breed,
 And upon all around them feed.

Yet mighty Honours grace his Name,
 And rival Bards his Praise proclaim,
 So he attains the Top of Fame.

Say, in the Camp, where Dins abound,
 Is Merit in Commission found?
 Alas, you seek her there in vain,
 Her Province is not there to reign.

Deep

(II)

Deep in the Ranks behold her stand,
Beneath some titled Fool's Command;
Who deviates from his noble Race,
With spindle Limbs and Lady-Face;
Who shivers at the Wintry Breeze,
As do the Leaves on Aspin Trees;
And ever since he first drew Trigger,
Has cut a damnable fierce Figure!
What pretty Fellow is his Peer!
How smart a Look, how bold a Sneer!
What Terror does his Hat afford,
And at his Rump what Length of Sword?

When war proclaim'd, Commands to wield
The shining Blade, and take the Field.
To hear him talk, you'd swear the Elf,
Would beat an Army by himself.

But view him in the Time of Battle,
When Sabres clash, and Muskets rattle,

When Cannons with terrific Sound,
Pour undiscerning Death around,
Then quick and fœtid as a Smell,
Which you would blush at, should I tell,
Swift as the Ball he 'scapes the Fight,
Presto ! he's gone ! he's out of Sight !
Was ever Cæsar such a Bite ?
Yet he's in curing Claps as able as
In killing was HELIOGABALUS.
Nor could DOMITIAN exercise,
More certain Skill at killing Flies ;
Nor brawny BROUGHTON dart his Fift,
With more Success, than when he lift.
He batters Windows for the Score,
Attacks the Watch, or kicks a Whore.
Who is the Man that dares engage,
To clap a Padlock on his Rage ?

What Heart but shudders to be told,
That such as these can rise by Gold,

And

And tho' so void of Worth or Spirit,
Can soar beyond the greatest Merit?

Tir'd with Courts and Camps, the Muse
To College now the Road pursues,
Whither the Pillars of the Nation,
Are sent for youthful Education,
Custom right worthy Reformation.
Making their Progress thro' the Schools,
Where Money pays the Breach of Rules,
Where first they learn to bid Defiance,
To Sense and Virtue, Arts and Science.
Midst learned Folks to hear them say things
Authors you'd think with them were Play-things
They prove more Learning in a Bottle
Than all the Works of ARISTOTLE ;
More Sense and Reason in stout drinking,
By far, than in the ART of THINKING.
And take them wet with old October,
Nay take them either drunk or sober,

To

To shew their mighty **TASTE SCULLASTIC**,
 They'll teach you all the **ART GYMNAS TIC**.
 Will laugh for Eloquence at **TULLY** ;
 And prove the **Language of a Bully**,
 Dress'd up in Oaths, is better grac'd,
 And carries much a finer **Taste**.

For **Mathematics** they're as famous,
 As **ROMULUS**, or Master **REMUS** ;
 With this, by sudden **Turn of Hand**,
 'They'll throw down **Castles built on Land**,
 Then jumping out of common **Sphere**,
 Erect you **Castles in the Air** ;
 And prove **Sedateness** is but **Sadness**,
 That **Humour** must consist in **Madness** ;
 That he who poorly dares refuse,
 To take a **Wench**, and take a **Booze**,
 And after bravely fally out,
 The **Midnight Magistrate** to rout,

should

Should be confin'd to Pipes and Beer,
And never rise to better Cheer.

What hardy Tutor dare controll,
Such Eructations of the Soul?

Now into Life their Footsteps trace,
With Mitre and sagacious Face.
See one into a Bishop rise,
Decrying Folly, Vice and Lies:

Tho' fitter far to strike across Drum,
The tallied Sticks, than mount a Rost'rum.

Another at the Bar declaim,
In Search of Honour, Pence and Fame.
For more he grasps at than a Name.

Propitious Fortune on him smiles,
And to reward his Pains and Toils,
Bestows him on a Judge's Seat:
He fills it with a World of State:

Nods gravely while the Council plead,
 When done, erects his lofty Head,
 Not having heard a Word was said;
 Hems—strokes his Band—and then proceeds,
 To Sentence—Just as Fancy leads.

The Laws are in his Hands, and he,
 Takes care to set the guiltless free;
 But not without a handsome Fee.

How just, how pious, his Intent!
 It makes his honest Heart relent,
 To see his Fellow Creature grieve
 In Chains, and hardly seem to live,
 Who for his Freedom—Gold can give.

The Bishop plump as Turkey Pout,
 With Face rotund, and Paunch stubb out,
 With Heart as hard as Lignum-Vitæ,
 Endow'd with Pride and Av'rice mighty,

Tho' Miseries his Ears assail,
 Keeps close his Purse, the more they wail;
 And vainly at his Lordship's Gate,
 The Beggar shall some Help intreat;
 Nay, he his Hand can hardly fetch,
 A Blessing round about to stretch.
 A Living's Worth he knows so well,
 He'll to the highest Bidder sell.

The Church and Laws thus venal made,
 To rank Impieties betray'd,
 Shall no one dare these Ills impede?
 Must Simony for e'er prevail,
 And Brib'ry o'er-poise the Scale,
 Which Justice in her Hand should hold?
 Shall no one honest Man unfold,
 And into Light these Mysteries bring?
 No, — Fortune shields with nurt'ring Wing,
 While Learning, Wisdom, Wit and Sense,
 Which to her Gifts have no Pretence,

(18)

Shall drag thro' Life with homely Cheer;
Curate with Twenty Pounds per Year,
The Man who can apply, and quote
The Body of the Laws by Rote,
Run over PLOWDEN, HALES, and COKE,
Repeat their Pleadings without Book;
Who at a single View espies,
The nicest Points of Law which rise,
Neglected, pines in Fortune's Dark,
And drudges hard a Lawyer's Clerk;
Sadly engrossing Chanc'ry Bills,
Or poring over Deeds and Wills.

CARLATTI, ignorant and vain,
With Coach, and party-colour'd Train,
Who scarce can English TANTUM CAPIAS,
Or tell you who was ÆSCULAPIUS:
How vast his Practice, as the Pow'r
Were his, to stop our latest Hour,—

CARLATTI

CARLATTI's sent for — to be sure,
 His Presence is a certain Cure.
 To hear the Man prescribe, you'd swear,
 He gallop'd thro' a Witch's Prayer.
 For he a Roll of Cant is pat in,
 'Tis neither HEBREW, GREEK, or LATIN,
 Calls it the Language of the Art,
 Hence all his Practice, his Desert.
 His Skill must sure be very great!
 His Talk so fine — his Coach so neat.

While PROBUS learned, grave and wise,
 Deep skill'd in Nature's Mysteries,
 Who can thro' all its Serpent Course,
 Disorder chace from inmost Source;
 Shall scarcely find (so Fate ordains)
 Substance, to reward his Pains.
 And why? No Chariot dips their Eats,
 No Footman's Rap when he appears.

In ev'ry Rank, and each Degree,
Of mazy Life, true Worth we see,
Beneath the Frown of Fortune pine,
Her Smiles on Vice and Folly shine.

Can we the Cause of this explore?
Yes! hark while I a Tale run o'er.

Merit one Day o'ercome with Grief,
Petition'd Jove for some Relief,
He heard the Pray'r, nor could he less,
For the Appearance spoke Distress:
And order'd MERCURY to call,
Dame Fortune to th' OLYMPIC HALL,
Fortune appear'd, and by her Side,
Old PLUTUS serving as a Guide.

Jove bade her hear th' Indictment read,
Hold up her Hand, and Answer plead.

She

((21))

She beg'd from PLUTUS they'd receive

Her Plea, to whom her Pow'r she gave.

They granted her Request, and he

In Words like these, made out the Plea.

" Merit of our Neglect complains,

" But in himself the Fault remains.

" You would not have me, who refuse

" So many, those who fly me chuse :

" My Haunts to all the World reveal'd,

" Sure cannot be from him conceal'd.

" I'm with the Merchant, Us'rer, Court ;

" And sometimes with the Bard consort ;

" I'm at the Levy of my Lord,

" (To Warwick Lane some Hours afford)

" The Sycophant with graceful Sneer,

" Grasps at my Robe when I appear.

" The Bishop has me in his Coach,

" I with the Judge the Courts approach.

((22c))

" Th' Admiral who commands a Fleet,
" Never ordain'd the Foe to meet,
" The Chief who ne'er did Good or Harm,
" Yet leads an Army, has my Arm.
" Wit, Courage, Sense by me are found,
" Nay sometimes Wisdom, in my Round.
" To find out Merit in my Train,
" 'Tis true, has always been in vain.
" He flies whenever I am near,
" Nay, quits the Church, if I appear,
" If then, GREAT JOVE, by your Decree,
" Merit my Follower must be ;
" His Nature change, and reconcile
" Him, to the Flatt'rer's courtly Smile,
" Let him not start surpriz'd to *feel*
" The secret Bribe I often *deal*;
" Let him not blush to lye, an End
" To gain, or serve a titled Friend ;
" Let —

— JOVE

— Jove cry'd, in Wrath, no more, prophane,
 Hence from my Sight on Earth remain,
 With groveling Souls, who fear t'aspire,
 At Virtue's bright celestial Fire.
 Short thy Dominion is, but he
 Shall taste of endless Joys, with me
 Who struggles still for Virtue's Laws,
 Despising thy alluring Cause.

True Virtue only forms the Mind,
 To bear Adversity resign'd ;
 He's doubly arm'd to face the Fight,
 And in the Conflict feels Delight ;
 Whom Wisdom with coercive Force,
 Still guides along in Virtue's Course,
 Wisdom is Virtue's truest Friend,
 The Clue to ev'ry happy End.
 'Tis that triumphing over Fate,
 Can constitute the truly great ;

Who

(24)

Who makes the Will of Fate, his own,
Deserves the Laurel and the Throne,
Superior far to Fortune, he
Soars swift to Immortality.

Desiring thy aspiring Cause,
Who struggles still for Virtue's Cause,
F I N I S H

The Virtue only forms the Mind,
To bear Adversity resign'd;
He's doubly arm'd to face the fight,
And in the Conflict feels Delight;
Whom Wisdom with coercive Force,
Still guides along in Virtue's Course,
Wisdom is Virtue's true Friend,
The Clue to every Thing;
'Tis that triumphant Guide,
Can constitute the truly Great;

